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who is almost a stranger to me, and whom I feel that I cannot love—I cannot, and, moreover, I will not do."

Some show of resistance on his daughter's part the count had expected, but this determined and spirited defiance dumb-founded him, awed him; for, like most bad men, he was a great coward, and he went from her presence crest-fallen and perplexed. One thing he was utterly at a loss to comprehend—how had Olympia obtained a knowledge of his money dealings with Chojnacki? He spent some hours pacing backwards and forwards in his room, chafing with rage and at intervals muttering angry threats against Olympia and the unknown friend who had let her into his secret. Night, as usual, found him on his way to his old haunts; but he had hardly set foot outside the palace gates when a note from Chojnacki was put into his hand, to the following effect:

"If you value your neck, don't show yourself in the streets to-night, and make the best of your way out of Rome at the break of day. Our deviles have got wind, and if we are caught 'twill be still work. Your safety is as necessary as my own, and mine is as necessary to yourself; so be careful. Shut your mouth, put your money away (if you have any), and go north. Let your daughter follow; and when the affair is blown over we can return to Rome, and she shall live like a princess. Meet me at Ivrea, or thereabouts."

I must hasten to the conclusion of this narrative. That same night Castalio and Chojnacki left Rome by different routes, and Olympia was left under the charge of an old servant; but dimly comprehending the cause of her father's sudden departure, she was too glad at being freed from his threats and importunities to be unhappy in his absence. She should see her generous, accomplished lover; they would have happy, happy hours over books, and music and drawing; he would teach her to sing and to paint. Ah! what a blessed interval of peace and pleasantness was in prospect before her.

But that interval never came. Night passed away, and she watched in vain for that form that was wont to cross the lake and hasten over the turf towards her window. Day broke and no low-toned passionate songs were poured out beneath the oriel; no handkerchiefs were thrown against the glass-pane; no voice murmured "*An-giòla mia!*" and, though she waited and watched for days, and weeks and months, with loosened hair at the casement, pale, trembling and tearful—Adam never came again.

It is difficult to discover the first suspect or the first breather of a suspicion where a crime affects great numbers, and is one in which many who have been the losers have also been the participants. One thing, however, is certain, that Adam Chojnacki was entirely innocent alike of his brother's underhand dealings and of his sudden downfall—for it was a downfall at once from power and wealth and conspicuous superiority of cunning, to hatred and beggary and mortification. All who had hitherto feared him at the first stone thrown were ready a.s., and revelations were made that startled even the most suspicious, for none knew with what skill he had played.

Adam had been no less duped, and it was with no small degree of horror and amazement that, towards evening, as he prepared to set forth to the palace, he saw armed men enter the apartment and heard the crimes of which his brother was accused. Passionate and hot-blooded always, he flatly denied the charge. He was answered only by smiles of sinister meaning and by one of the officers locking the door, quietly pocketing the key, whilst two others proceeded to search the room. Heaps of silver money were found, with banknotes, letters of credit and betting-books stowed away in different places; for, in the hurry of flight, Chojnacki had only thought of his own safety and the available gold he had about him. One old escritoire, marked with Adam's name, was found under the bed, and in it were some foreign notes and Napoleons. From that moment Adam's fate was sealed. Why had

he openly denied his brother's crime? How could he be ignorant of proceedings which brought money and papers so suspiciously under his very nose? How could he help knowing the whole secret, and did not the money in his escritoire clearly tell his participation in it?

Had Adam taken the matter quietly, there is little doubt that his innocence would have been very soon established; but it was not in his nature tamely to submit to so gross an injustice, and he resisted the officers so fiercely, that he received a severe wound in the arm, and was carried to prison faint, bleeding and raging inwardly like a baffled lion.

Left to solitude, one thought alone took possession of his mind, and seethed and burned with such a demoniac conviction that it well nigh drove him mad. His passion for Olympia had been discovered; she was the victim of a foul plot concerted by Leon. Some base story concerning him would be fabricated to her, and by force of threats and persuasion, she would be induced to marry him—his brother—his enemy.

No tale of human suffering has ever equalled this episode of his life as reported to me by Adam Chojnacki. Barred out from light and air and all communication with the outer world, sick and despairing at heart, tortured and feverish in body, confined for the crime of resisting a false charge, or (for he hardly knew which) the sin of another; separated by so deep a gulf from the woman he wildly idolized, and feeling that the one for whom he suffered unjustly was enjoying the same air and light and liberty beside her—her by whom he believed himself beloved—what wonder that he grew mad?

He told me that, all through his temporary insanity, he imagined himself to be in hell, and saw ever and ever before him a black lake, beyond which rose a fair shore, and there walked Olympia, white-robed, beautiful and spiritualized, beckoning to him day and night, but in vain. Sometimes demons held him back; sometimes he was bound by heavy chains, which clanked and clanked till all hell echoed back the noise; sometimes he felt that he was dead. When he recovered—for his madness lasted some months after his liberation—he found himself in a fisherman's hut on the southern coast of France, where he had been carefully tended for several weeks. The simple, religious lives of the poor people touched him; the first devotional feeling of many years arose to his heart, and out of a rocky stone that overlooks the sea he carved a cross, and inscribed on it—"Out of gratitude to God for recovery from madness, Adam Chojnacki vowed eternal peace to his enemies."

He returned, however, to Rome under a disguised name, but to find the Palazzo di Castalio sold to unknown owners, and Olympia, Leon, the old count gone no one knew whither. Then followed the life that I have described in my former pages—a life of constant change and constant unhappiness. I must now give, in a very few words, the subsequent history of other actors in this story. Olympia—oh, generous, beautiful friend! with what emotions I write your name! young, friendless and enthusiastic—she could no longer brook her dreary solitude. Unhappy at her lover's strange disappearance, ill with fears for the future, and burning for a life of action and independence, under the protection of a faithful servant she made her way to England. Passionately attached to music, and gifted in no ordinary degree, it is not surprising that she soon obtained reputation and wealth. Her after career has been already laid before the reader.

When Leon Chojnacki and Count Castalio met, it is easy to imagine that Chojnacki's first suspicions as to Olympia's informer should be his brother. Who else knew of their mutual bargain? or who else that knew could tell her? A hundred trifles helped to confirm this thought. He now remembered Adam's strange silence at the news of his projected marriage—his strange pallor, and his sudden absence. He also remembered that Adam had been in the habit of absenting himself every night, and that sometimes his outer

coat had been dripping wet on his return. He had swum the lake to avoid detection by going round the public entrance. Black apprehensions filled Leon's mind—who else should be the informer as to his secret dealings?—who else should have set afloat the stories which had well nigh brought him to infamy and imprisonment? Who else but Adam? and for his own peculiar purposes. A deep hatred filled the brother's heart, and the more so, because he dared not go to Rome to claim his bride and win his game yet. Then Castalio received news of his daughter's flight and at the same time he was informed of Adam's seizure and release. His release was merely officially announced; for at that time, Adam, though not suffering the penalty of the law, was too violent to be set free, and he was removed from the prison to an adjoining building designed for the use of sick and insane criminals.

Chojnacki immediately set out for England on his search, and, as we have seen, neither his search nor his hatred abated through ten long years. Once or twice he found trace, or fancied he found trace of Adam; but of her, never.

After three years, more celebrated and rich, Olympia came to Florence; and, having discovered that her father was in great want and misery at Genoa, lost no time in sending him money sufficient for all his wants. Once she saw him, but the interview left so terrible an impression on her mind, that she never brought herself to resolve upon seeing him again. Nor did he wish it. Degraded by every kind of dissipation and vice, there was no room in his nature for a pure and holy affection; and, though he received her money greedily, he gave no show of love in return. It was in that interview that she learned of the hatred of the two brothers Chojnacki, of which she was the innocent cause; and this knowledge led her, several years afterwards, to confide to me the sealed paper containing the secret of her flight and of their error. The count died at Genoa a few months after his last interview with Olympia; and a plain marble in St. Peter's church records his name, with these words—

PRAY FOR ME.

* * * * *

Reader, if an artist has stepped somewhat out of his place by using his pen and not his pencil to bring himself before the public, or if his pen pleases you less than his pencil may sometimes have done, forgive me, and come to my studio, where I have yet some pictured chronicles of this story of my life. Alice will give you kindly welcome. Till then, adieu.

THE END.

LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

CORREGGIO AND GIORGIONE, AND THEIR SCHOLARS.

While the great painters of the Florentine school, with Michael Angelo at their head, were carrying out the principle of *form*, and those of Rome—the followers and imitators of Raphael—were carrying out the principle of *expression*;—and the first school deviating into exaggeration, and the latter degenerating into mannerism—there arose in the north of Italy two extraordinary and original men, who, guided by their own individual genius and temperament, took up different principles, and worked them out to perfection. One revelling in the illusions of *chiaro scuro*, so that to him all nature appeared clothed in a soft transparent veil of lights and shadows; the other delighting in the luxurious depth of tints, and beholding all nature steeped in the glow of an Italian sunset. They chose each their world, and "drew after them a third part of heaven."

Of the two, Giorgione appears to have been the most original—the most of a creator and inventor. Correggio may possibly have owed his conception of melting, vanishing outlines and transparent shadows, and his peculiar feeling of grace, to Leonardo da Vinci, whose pictures were scattered over the whole of the north of Italy. Giorgione found in his own fervid, melancholy character, the mystery of his coloring—warm, glowing, yet subdued—and the noble, yet tender, sentiment of his heads; characteristics which, transmitted to Titian, became in coloring more sunshiny and brilliant, without losing depth and harmony; and in expression more cheerful, still retaining intellect and dignity.

We will first speak of Correggio, so styled from his birthplace, a small town not far from Modena, now called Reggio. His real name was Antonio Allegri, and he was born towards the end of the year 1493. Raphael was at this time ten years old, Michael Angelo twenty, and Leonardo da Vinci in his fortieth year. The father of Antonio was Pellegrino Allegri, a tradesman possessed of moderate property in houses and land. He gave his son a careful education, and had him instructed in literature and rhetoric, as well as in the rudiments of art, which he imbibed at a very early age from an uncle, Lorenzo Allegri, a painter of little merit. Afterwards he studied for a short time under Andrea Mantegna; and although, when this painter died, in 1506, Antonio was but thirteen, he had so far profited by his instructions and those of Francesco Mantegna, who continued his father's school, that he drew well and caught that taste and skill in foreshortening which distinguished his later works. It was an art which Mantegna may almost be said to have invented, and which was first taught in his academy; but the dry, hard, precise, meagre style of the Mantegna school, Correggio soon abandoned for a manner entirely his own, in which movement, variety, and, above all, the most delicate gradation of light and shadow, are the principal elements. All these qualities are apparent in the earliest of his authenticated pictures, painted in 1512, when he was about eighteen. It is one of the large altar-pieces in the Dresden Gallery, called the Madonna di San Francesco, because St. Francis is one of the principal figures. The influence of the taste and manner of Leonardo da Vinci is very conspicuous in this picture.

In 1519, having acquired some reputation and fortune in his profession, Correggio married Gironima Merlini; and in the following year, being then six-and-twenty, he was commissioned to paint in fresco the cupola of the church of San Giovanni at Parma. He chose for his subject the Ascension of Christ, who in the centre appears soaring upwards into heaven, surrounded by the Twelve Apostles, seated around on clouds, and who appear to be watching his progress to the realms above; below are the four Evangelists in the four arches, with the four Fathers of the Church. The figures in the upper part are, of course, colossal, and foreshortened with admirable skill, so as to produce a wonderful effect when viewed from below. In the apsis of the same church, over the high altar, he painted the Coronation of the Virgin; but this was destroyed when the church was subsequently enlarged, and is now only known through engravings, and the copies made by Annibal Carracci, which are preserved at Naples. For this work Correggio received five hundred gold crowns, equal to about fifteen hundred pounds at the present day.

About the year 1525, Correggio was invited to Mantua, where he painted for the reigning Duke, Federigo Gonzaga, the Education of Cupid, which is now in our National Gallery. For the same accomplished but profligate prince he painted the other mythological stories of Io, Leila, Danae, and Antiope.

Passing over, for the present, a variety of works which Correggio painted in the next four or five years, we shall only observe that the cupola of San Giovanni gave so much satisfaction, that he was called upon to decorate in the same manner the cathedral of Parma, which is dedicated to the Virgin Mary. In the centre of the dome he represented the Assumption—the Madonna soaring into heaven, while Christ descends from his throne in bliss to meet her. An innumerable host of saints and angels, rejoicing and singing hymns of triumph, surround these principal personages. Lower down in a circle stand the Apostles, and lower still, Genii bearing candelabra and swinging censers. In lunettes below are the four Evangelists, the figure of St. John being one of the finest. The whole composition is full of glorious life; wonderful for the relief, the bold and perfect foreshortening, the management of the chiaroscuro; but, from the innumerable figures, and the play of the limbs seen from below—legs and arms being more conspicuous than bodies—the great artist was reproached in his life-time with having painted “un guazzetto di rane” (a fricassee of frogs). There are several engravings of this magnificent work; but those who would form a just idea of Correggio's sublime conception and power of drawing should see some of the cartoons prepared for the frescoes and drawn in chalk by Correggio's own hand. A few of these, representing chiefly angels and cherubim, were discovered a few years ago at Parma, rolled up in a garret. They were conveyed to Rome, thence brought to England by Dr. Braun, and are now in the British Museum, having been lately purchased by the trustees. These heads and forms are gigantic, nearly twice the size of life; yet such is the excellence of the drawing, and the perfect grace and sweetness of the expression, that they strike the fancy as sublimely beautiful, without giving the slightest impression of exaggeration or effort. Our artists who are preparing cartoons for works on a large scale could have no finer studies than these grand fragments, emanations of the mind and creations of the hand of one of the most distinguished masters in art. They show his manner of setting to work, and are in this respect an invaluable lesson to young painters.

Correggio finished the dome of the cathedral of Parma in 1530, and returned to his native town, where he resided for the remainder of his life. We find that in the year 1533 he was one of the witnesses to a marriage which was celebrated in the castle of Correggio, between Ippolito, Lord of Correggio, and son of Veronica Gambara, the illustrious poetess (widow of Ghilberto da Correggio), and Chiara da Correggio, his cousin. Correggio's presence on this occasion, and his signature to the marriage-deed, proved the estimation in which he was held by his sovereigns. In the following year he had engaged to paint for Alberto Panciroli an altar-piece; the subject fixed upon is not known, but it is certainly known that he received in advance, and before his work was commenced, twenty five gold crowns. It was destined never to be begun, for soon after signing this agreement Correggio was seized with a ma-

lignant fever, of which he died, after a few days' illness, March 5, 1534, in the forty-first year of his age. He was buried in his family sepulchre in the Franciscan convent at Correggio, and a few words placed over his tomb merely record the day of his death, and his name and profession—“MAESTRO ANTONIO ALLEGRI, DEPISTORE.”

There is a tradition that Correggio was a self-educated painter, unassisted except by his own transcendent genius; that he lived in great obscurity and indigence, and that he was ill remunerated for his works. And it is further related, that having been paid in copper coin a sum of sixty crowns for one of his pictures, he carried home this load in a sack on his shoulders, being anxious to relieve the wants of his family; and stopping, when heated and wearied, to refresh himself with a draught of cold water, he was seized with a fever, of which he died. Though this tradition has been proved to be false, and is completely refuted by the circumstances of the last years of his life related above, yet the impression that Correggio died miserably and in indigence prevailed to a late period. From whatever cause it arose, it was early current. Annibal Carracci, writing from Parma fifty years after the death of Correggio, says, “I rage and weep to think of the fate of this poor Antonio; so great a man—if, indeed, he were not rather an angel in the flesh—to be lost here, to live unknown, and to die unhappily!” Now, he who painted the dome of the Cathedral of Parma, and who stood by as one of the chosen witnesses of the marriage of his sovereign, could not have lived unknown and unregarded; and we have no just reason to suppose that this gentle, amiable, and unambitious man, died unhappily. With regard to his deficient education, it appears certain that he studied anatomy under Lombardi, a famous physician of that time; and his works exhibit not only a classical and cultivated taste, but a knowledge of the sciences of optics, mathematics, perspective, and chemistry—as far as they were then carried. His use and skilful preparation of rare and expensive colors imply neither poverty nor ignorance. His modest, quiet, amiable temper and domestic habits may have given rise to the report that he lived neglected and obscure in his native city; he had not, like other great masters of his time an academy for teaching, and a retinue of scholars to spread his name and contend for the supremacy of their master. Whether Correggio ever visited Rome is a point undecided by any evidence for or against, and it is most probable that he did not. It is said that he was at Bologna, where he saw Raphael's St. Cecilia, and, after contemplating it for some time with admiration, he turned away, exclaiming, “And I too am a painter” (anch'io sono pittore)!—an anecdote which shows that, if unambitious and unpresuming, he was not without a consciousness of his own merit.

The father of Correggio, Pellegrino Allegri, who survived him, repaid the twenty-five gold crowns which his son had received in advance for work he did not live to complete. The only son of Correggio, Pomponio Quirino Allegri, became a painter, but never attained to any great reputation, and appears to have been of a careless, restless disposition.

We shall now give some account of Correggio's works. His two greatest performances, the dome of the San Giovanni and that of the Cathedral of Parma, have been mentioned. His smaller pictures, though not numerous, are diffused through so many galleries, that they cannot be said to be

rare. It is remarkable that they are very seldom met with in the possession of individuals, but with few exceptions, are to be found in royal and public collections.

In our National Gallery are five pictures by Correggio. Two are studies of angels' heads, which, as they are not found in any of the existing frescoes, are supposed to have formed part of the composition in the San Giovanni, which, as already related, was destroyed. The other three are among his most celebrated works. The first, Mercury teaching Cupid to read in the presence of Venus, is an epitome of all the qualities which characterize the oil-painter; that peculiar smiling grace which is the expression of a kind of Elysian happiness, and that flowing outline, that melting softness of tone, which are quite illusive. "Those who may not perfectly understand what artists and critics mean when they dwell with rapture on Correggio's wonderful chiaroscuro, should look well into this picture. They will perceive that in the painting of the limbs they can look through the shadows into the substance, as it might be into the flesh and blood; the shadows seem mutable, accidental, and aerial, as if between the eye and the colors, and not incorporated with them. In this lies the inimitable excellence of Correggio.

This picture was painted for Federigo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua. It was brought to England in 1529, when the Mantua Gallery was bought by our Charles I., and hung in his apartment at Whitehall; afterwards it passed into the possession of the Duke of Alva; then, during the French invasion of Spain, Murat secured it as his share of the plunder; and his widow sold it to the Marquess of Londonderry, from whom it was purchased by the nation. The Ecce Homo was purchased at the same time. It is chiefly remarkable for the fine head of the Virgin, who faints with anguish on beholding the suffering and degradation of her Son; the dying away of sense and sensation under the influence of mental pain is expressed with admirable and affecting truth. The rest of the picture is, perhaps, rather feeble, and the head of Christ not to be compared to one crowned with thorns which is in the possession of Lord Cowper, nor with another in the Bridgewater collection. The third picture is a small but most exquisite Madonna, known as the *Vierge au Panier*, from the little basket in front of the picture. The Virgin, seated, holds the infant Christ on her knee, and looks down upon him with the fondest expression of maternal rapture, while he gazes up in her face. Joseph is seen in the background. This, though called a Holy Family, is a simple, domestic scene; and Correggio probably in this, as in other instances, made the original study from his wife and child. Another picture in our gallery ascribed to Correggio, the Christ on the Mount of Olives, is a very fine old copy, perhaps a duplicate, of an original picture now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington.

In the gallery of Parma are five of the most important and beautiful pictures of Correggio. The most celebrated is that called the St. Jerome. It represents the saint presenting to the Virgin and Child his translation of the Scriptures, while on the other side the Magdalen bends down and kisses with devotion the feet of the infant Saviour.

The Dresden Gallery is also rich in pictures of Correggio. It contains six pictures, of which four are large altar-pieces, bought out of churches in Modena. Among these is the famous picture of

the Nativity, called the Notte, or *Night*, of Correggio, because it is illuminated only by the unearthly splendor which beams round the head of the infant Saviour; and the still more famous Magdalen, who lies extended on the ground intently reading the Scriptures. No picture in the world has been more universally admired and multiplied, through copies and engravings, than this little picture.

In the Florentine Gallery are three pictures. One of these is the Madonna on her knees, adoring with ecstasy her infant, who lies before her on a portion of her garment.

In the Louvre are two of his works—the Marriage of St. Catherine, and the Antique, painted for the Duke of Mantua.

In the Naples Gallery there are three; one of them a most lovely Madonna, called, from the peculiar head-dress, the Zingarella, or Gypsy.

In the Vienna Gallery are two; and at Berlin three—among them the Io and the Leila.

There is in the British Museum a complete collection of engravings after Correggio.

Correggio had no school of painting, and all his authentic works, except his frescoes, were executed solely by his own hand. In the execution of his frescoes he had assistants, but they could hardly be called his *pupils*. He had, however, a host of imitators, who formed what has been called the School of Parma, of which he is considered the head. The most famous of these imitators was Francesco Mazzola.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

Paris has been a good deal amused by a quarrel between two actresses of the Varieties Theatre, both of whom are much more celebrated in the "byc-world" than in the dramatic world. Mlle. Schneider, whose relations with the Duke de Grammont Caderousse were so notorious, is playing Helene in "*La Belle Helene*." She complained that whenever she was in possession of the stage Mlle. Silly, who played Orente in the same piece, would talk and laugh, and otherwise divert the attention of the audience, and annoy her. Thereupon the stage manager gave Mlle. Silly a severe reprimand before all the company. Furious at this punishment, Mlle. Silly was alleged to have turned on Mlle. Schneider, and, in language much more appropriate to the mouth of a fishmonger at Billingsgate than a lady, unpacked her heart of its load of grievances. Mlle. Silly, upon seeing this allegation in the newspapers, addressed the following letter to them:—"Sir, you have thought proper to acquaint the public with a little altercation of an entirely private nature which took place between Mlle. Schneider and me in the green-room of the Varieties. You were not present at this amiable family scene, and, unfortunately for me, you have lent your ears to people who seem to be no friends of mine, and who, assuredly, are no friends of the truth. There is in all your narrative but one particle of truth, viz: that at the playing "*La Belle Helene*" by Mlle. Schneider, I ventured upon more than was set down in my part. I was wrong. I confess it. "*La Belle Helene*" is a serious tragedy which ought to be played seriously. I ought to have imitated my comrades who, as everybody knows, never change one word of the official text and would not for the world add one single gesture to their part. I ought especially to have made Mlle. Schneider my example, who never ventures on these liberties, whose every attitude is so reserved and so dignified, who retires to the background with so much courtesy whenever her character requires it. But, alas! sir, man is not perfect, nor woman either, as one of my comrades says, 'tis true she is a real actress and possesses too much talent not to have a great

deal of modesty, kindness and courtesy. I forgot myself once. I was so imprudent as to think M. Meilhac's *Oreste* was not Racine's, and that Mlle. Schneider, though extremely disguised en *Belle Helene*, had a very distant likeness to Mlle. Rachel. It was a fault, and you see how sincerely I accuse myself of it; but this is the very reason why I cannot allow others to be imputed to me of which I am guiltless. You hint I apostrophized Mlle. Schneider with expressions borrowed from Billingsgate. No sir; mischief makers have abused your candor. On the contrary, 'twas that *Belle Helene* who gratuitously showered epithets on me, which I dare not repeat, and which show only too distinctly that if she subsequently revealed herself as the daughter of the King of Kings, she was educated in her father's palace. For my part, I kept towards her that respectful pity which I owed to her age and her great fortune, which she so laboriously amassed. Maybe I did, out of sheer railing, show her my teeth, but it really is not my fault if she was unable to give me as good as I sent. She, doubtless, has her own private reasons for preferring invectives to smiles. She throws them off like poisoned darts, but no harm came to me, for I was at some distance from, and not in front of her. It is true this quarrel costs me a part which I have played some 200 times, and not without some success; but I gain by it the advantages of not playing near her, and of no longer replying to her in front of her; the benefit is all mine. I expect from your courtesy alone the insertion of this letter. I am assured the law's officers would be delighted to lend me their services on this occasion. But I leave to artists who have had frequent discussions upon the code civil the fatigue or the delight of employing these gentlemen. I am, sir, etc., L. SILLY."

This letter appeared in an evening paper. Mlle. Silly hired the stage box of the Varieties, and affectedly spread the evening paper on the front of the box, so that Mlle. Schneider should not for a single instant during the whole performance forget the letter's existence. During the whole evening Mlle. Silly kept her double opera glass fixed on Mlle. Schneider. The latter's anger may easily be conceived. But she was so judiciously advised by her manager to take no notice of it, to the disappointment of the malicious woman, who expected avenging correspondence.

M. Alex Dumas, Jr., has read his new play to the actors of the Gymnase.

It is said M. Th. Barriere has sold his new forthcoming play, "*Les Brebis Galentes*," to M. Raphael Felix—sold the right to play it in the provinces.

The reasons (there were several) which determined the Czar to suppress the Italian Opera at St. Petersburg were because the company—though composed of Mmes. Barbet, Bernadi, Fabricca, and Messrs. Tamberlick, Calzolari, Graziani, Angelini, etc.—had lost all prestige; they were paid enormously; the pieces were worn out; the new operas were not successful, and the public of St. Petersburg cared so little for the Italian opera, the receipts never exceeded \$100 a night.

Messrs. Hector, Cremieux, and Jaime, Jr., have written for the Varieties a la Vaudeville, "*Une Odeur de Paris*."

M. Ambroise Thomas is writing an opera buffa in 3 acts. The "book" is by Messrs. Labiche and Delacour.

M. A. Dumas, Jr.'s new piece has been distributed as follows: Baratin, Armal; Camille, Berthon; M. de Sivry, Nectann; Valmoreau, Forel; Jeannine, Mme. Delaporte; Mme. Aubray, Mme. Pasca; Lucienne, Mme. Baratand.

After a recent performance by Miss Ida Menken (who, by the way, came near being killed recently; her horse slipped down the "practicable," and came near breaking the rider's and his own neck), Mme. George Sand asked to be introduced to her; complimented the fair New Orleanian, and was delighted to find she was familiar with all her novels.

The French comedy has brought out Mons. Octave Fenillet's "*Un Cas de Conscience*." It was printed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, some